The Penſive Maid,

Or, The Virgins Lamentation for the loſs of her Lover.

For ſeven years ſpace ſhe patiently did bear,
The abſence of her Love, as you ſhall hear;
At length ſad tydings came that he was ſlain,
And that they never more ſhould meet again.

Tune of, *Through the cold ſhady Woods*, Or, *Deep in Love, &c.*

WHen Sol will caſt no light,
all darkned over,
And doleſome time of night,
the Skies did cover:
Down by a Rivers ſide,
where Ships are ſailing,
There a fair Maid I ſpied,
weeping and wailing.

I ſtept unto her ſtraight,
deareſt what grieves thee?
She anſwered me and ſaid,
none can relieve me:
'Tis ſeven long years and more
ſince my Love parted,
And left me on this ſhore,
quite-hoken hearted.

He promiſed to return,
if life was lent him,
Which makes me ſigh and mourn,
death doth prevent him:
O that I could but hear
ſome tydings from him,
How it my heart would cheer,
for all my longing.

A young man ſtraight ſhe ſpied,
like one amazed,
Which did a Token bring,
whereon ſhe gazed:
Where is my Love? quoth ſhe,
that comes not near me,
The Young man he reply'd,
pleaſe for to hear me.

The Penſive Maid,

Or, The Virgins Lamentation for the loſs of her Lover.

For ſeven years ſpace ſhe patiently did bear,
The abſence of her Love, as you ſhall hear;
At length ſad tydings came that he was ſlain,
And that they never more ſhould meet again.

Tune of, *Through the cold ſhady Woods*, Or, *Deep in Love, &c.*

WHen Sol will caſt no light,
all darkned over,
And doleſome time of night,
the Skies did cover:
Down by a Rivers ſide,
where Ships are ſailing,
There a fair Maid I ſpied,
weeping and wailing.

I ſtept unto her ſtraight,
deareſt what grieves thee?
She anſwered me and ſaid,
none can relieve me:
'Tis ſeven long years and more
ſince my Love parted,
And left me on this ſhore,
quite-hoken hearted.

He promiſed to return,
if life was lent him,
Which makes me ſigh and mourn,
death doth prevent him:
O that I could but hear
ſome tydings from him,
How it my heart would cheer,
for all my longing.

A young man ſtraight ſhe ſpied,
like one amazed,
Which did a Token bring,
whereon ſhe gazed:
Where is my Love? quoth ſhe,
that comes not near me,
The Young man he reply'd,
pleaſe for to hear me.

YOur Love and I did fight
under one Banner,
Maintaining Englands right,
purchasing Honour:
He was a Seaman bold,
of Courage valiant,
Scorning to be controul'd,
by e're a Gallant.

But in a Dreadful Fight,
where Guns did rattle,
And many a Gallant Wight,
fell in the Battel:
His fatal destiny
near was approaching,
And summon'd him away,
by Deaths incroaching.

When he his Deaths wound had,
and braines were broken,
To me these words he said,
deliver this Token:
To her that hath my heart,
and is more dearer,
Wishing her for my sake,
to Love the bearer.

And having spoke these words,
he then declined,
And in a stream of Blood,
his Life resigned;
Leaving me full of care,
sad news to bear it,
His death for to declare,
as you now hear it.

When she the tydings heard
with this sad potion,
She like a stock appear'd,
without all motion.
At length her spirits came,
by grief inflamed,
And then with floods of tears,
thus she exclaimed.

O ye great Powers above,
which life doth lend us,
And thou the God of Love,
that did befriend us:
Why have you snatch'd away
my dearest sweeting,
And by your cruelty,
spoiled our meeting?

Since that my Love is dead,
whom I did tender,
No comfort I will take,
but Life surrender:
In some unwonted paths
there will I wander,
And prove more constant
then e're was Leander.

And so vain world farewel,
and all thy pleasure,
Since he is gone that was
my chiefest Treasure:
In the Elizium shades
there will I hide me,
Untill I find my Love,
what e're betide me.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-Ball, in West-smith-field.